

The Haunting

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Summary: A new way to look at other worlds and everything else...

The Haunting

> <meta name="Author"> haunt **Disclaimer:**

>I wrote this story as fanfiction and not with the intention to gain profit.

MGM owns the following creations:

Col. Jack O'Neill, Dr. Daniel Jackson, Capt. Samantha Carter, Teal'c, Gen. Hammond, Goa'uld, Jaffar, Mayborne

Shirley Jackson and David Self own the following creation:**

**

Dr. David Marrow

The author owns the following:** **

PX2301 and also the situations and speculations.

The author wishes to express gratitude to the following people:

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* _Mr. Richard Dean Anderson:_

_ When I was little, I thought MacGyver was cool. Now that I'm a grown up, I think Jack is cool. I guess this has something to do with you being so good at acting. Thank you for making Tuesdays a fun day.

* _Mr. Liam Neeson:_

_ I don't know how you do it but you manage to crawl in every story I write. Maybe I cannot help creating a part for you because your supernatural presence seems to be everywhere. Ironically, I haven't seen The Haunting yet because it hasn't been released yet. I couldn't

resist the temptation to do something about it instead of sitting around and wait for it. How's that for enthusiasm? Most of these creative urges are probably a result from you being such a wonderful actor. After all, you are the one responsible for me being creative...Thank you!

* _Mr. Michael Shanks:_

_ Congratulations! You have secured yourself a place on our List. I think you are the only one who can play Daniel so perfectly. Thank you for such a delightful performance.

* _My friend Slef:_

_ I hope this story doesn't mess up yours but if it does...then it's your problem B-) Thank you for sharing countless...well...almost countless Stargate SG-1 episodes with me. Funny how creativity intervenes with academic intentions...

Some dreams are just born bad...**_ _**

And a haunting we will go...

>a haunting we will go..._****_ _**

The Haunting (Clutopius working title: On Deadly Ground)

dedicated to Liam, Michael S. and Richard Dean

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> <p>

"Oooohhh...uh!"

>"Jack? Are you okay?"

>"Sure. Just another bruise to add to my collection." Jack refers to their previous encounter on another planet where they had to fight their way out, literally.

>"Tell me about it."

>"Uhm, Daniel, when was the last time that we crash landed on another planet?"

>Col. Jack O'Neill and Dr. Daniel Jackson are the only members of the Stargate SG-1 team on this mission. Capt. Samantha Carter is on leave after the traumatic experience on the previous mission. She also needs some time to recover from her injuries. The Jaffar Teal'c also did not accompany them for his Gao'uld larva is giving him some bad indigestion. Jack and Daniel convinced Gen. Hammond to send them on this mission because they were totally bored with just sitting around and doing nothing. They also assured him that they are able to handle this mission to PX2301 on their own. After all, the president is pressuring them for some results and they don't want Maybourne on their backs but now they will even face Maybourne rather than this planet...Now, they have second doubts as Daniel answers Jack:

>"I cannot recall a single time."

"Oookaay...let's check this place out."

>They start to walk while observing their surroundings. The planet, so far, looks very much like the forests in Tennessee. Enormous trees shadow the forest floor, which is richly covered with ferns of all sorts. Jagged edges of a mountain range beckons at them from through the trees. A peculiar silence hangs over the forest. There are no birds chattering about the life of a bird or even a light breeze that pick at the leaves of the trees. The mood is enforced by the clouds hanging low and a soft rain that falls from them. They have walked for about an hour when the ground suddenly starts to shake. Instinctively, both of them fall down to the ground. The shaking stops after a few seconds.

>"Well, that made me all shook up." Jack gets to his feet.

>"It seems to have been a mild earthquake."

>"I think we should go home, Daniel. I like to be level grounded and earthed, if you know what I mean."

>"But Jack, we haven't encountered any form of civilization yet. We cannot leave until we have something to take back. Just a few more hours...please..."

>Jack looks speculatively at Daniel. He hates it when the anthropologist looks at him with those begging blue eyes because he cannot refuse them. His military training hasn't prepared him for the handling of very persuasive academics and especially this academic. He sighs. It is at times like this that he wishes he were rather in an evac or hostage situation than in a battle with an academic.

>"Two more hours and then we get the hell out of here. This place gives me the creeps."

>"I didn't know you could get the creeps, Jack."

>Daniel smiles his little innocent smile as Jack makes a face, but Jack cannot help to notice the warm feeling in his heart as he sees Daniel's face lighten up at the prospect of exploring this unknown world. Daniel's scientific mind never does rest. The silence grows more awkward as they continue their walk and it literally spines down their backs. They reach the foot of the mountains after another quarter of an hour has passed.

>"Maybe there are caves to look at and from which we can learn something about his place."

>"I don't think that will be a good idea. You know...the Jaffar..."

>"Jack, there is no indication that the Jaffar was here before."

>"I know, I know and that is why I worry."

>"Come on, Jack, you said two hours."

>"And suddenly I regret it..."

>Daniel gives another smile, readjusts his glasses and then moves into the mountains with

Jack following reluctantly. Luckily, their journey doesn't require much physical climbing. They maze through the rocks, Daniel looking for some signs of civilization and Jack cursing himself for letting Daniel talking him into this. He cannot shake the ominous feeling that something awful is going to happen. He thinks it will be better that he doesn't tell Daniel about it. He is still thinking about it when Daniel suddenly stops. The latter is looking at a black hole in the side of the mountain. Daniel dashes off to satisfy his curious mind and Jack's restraining order echoes to no one. Anyway, Daniel never obeys Jack's orders...well...almost...

Once inside the cave, they use their powerful torches to light the darkness. Daniel is the first who spots the remains of a fire. He kneels and touches the ashes carefully only to discover that it's ice cold. On closer examination, he realizes that the ashes are a few months old. Jack is now beside him and looks on as the latter takes some samples to be tested back on Earth. As Daniel puts away the samples, Jack slowly moves his light over the cave walls. His light freezes an image carved on the wall.

>"Daniel, what's this?"
>Daniel looks up after he zipped his bag close. His face changes from wonder to astonishment. He walks closer to the image and touches it softly with his fingertips. It is a fabulous creature with the body of a lion and the head and wings of an eagle, or so it seems.

The image is no more than a few feet tall.

>"Well?" Jack asks agitated.
>"A griffin! Do you know what this means, Jack?"
>"Well...suppose I knew what a griffin was and..."
>"A griffin is a mythological creature from ancient Greek origin. No evidence exists to suggest it existence on Earth. The ancient Greeks believed that a griffin is a noble creature and protector of the weak."

>"So how did it get here?"
>"Well, you could ask how the ancient Greeks got it to Earth."
>"Huh?"
>Their conversation is cut short by another earthquake and this time it seems to be much stronger than the one before. The cave shudders and shakes furiously. Parts of the cave roof tumble onto them. One of these rocks comes down on Daniel and Jack's warning reaches him too late. The rock scrapes of the left side of his forehead and face, leaving a deep cut on his brow. The rocks pin Daniel to the ground. Jack pushes his back against the cave wall for large rocks prevents him from reaching Daniel. What seems to be hours are only a few minutes and the shaking stops. Jack doesn't wait for the dust to settle as he retrieves the flashlight from behind his back and starts searching for Daniel. His light catches his friend's arm and quickly he climbs over the rubble to get to him. Jack lifts the rocks off him with strength he discovers for the first time. Blood is flowing from the cut on his brow. He is unconscious and his right arm is twisted dangerously. He feels for a pulse and to his relief there is one but an extremely

weak one. Jack takes off his backpack and dig for the medical kit. He struggles to stop the blood but he succeeds after pressuring it a little more. He tries to bring Daniel by but the latter doesn't respond. Jack examines the rest of Daniel's injuries and discovers a few broken ribs, a fractured tibia and the broken humerus. He carefully splints what he can splint and then makes Daniel comfortable. He looks around for the first time since the quake and is shocked when he sees the blocked entrance. He draws on the only means of sanity and says sarcastically:>"This will be fun."

"Jack?" Daniel manages a soft whisper and Jack immediately rushes over to him.

>"Daniel?">"My head..." He swallows hard at the dust in his mouth.>"No kidding. That was a nasty bump on the head. " Daniel smiles faintly.>"My glasses, where are my glasses?" Jack reaches for them, or what is left of them.>"Uhm...those...well...they're sort of crushed...Sorry.">"That's okay.">"Here, drink some water." He helps Daniel to sip some of the water from the standard issued military bottle. Daniel starts to cough and Jack goes whiter than a shade of pale when he sees the blood. He must hurry...He is glad Daniel doesn't have his glasses on otherwise he may have seen the panic in his eyes. With his bravest voice he says:>"The entrance is blocked and I'm trying to get us out of here. Can I leave you for a while? ">"Sure. Jack...I'm sorry.">"Forget it. The very young do not always do what they're told.">Jack continues to clear the entrance. Daniel coughs in the background. He worries about Daniel and ignores the sharp edges cutting into his flesh, making his hands tools of blood.

Jack almost jumps of joy as a little light filter through from the outside. He shouts over his shoulder:

>"We're almost through Daniel!" He stops when he realizes that Daniel doesn't reply. It dawns on him that Daniel has stopped coughing. With a cold rush of fear, he scrambles over the rubble. All blood drains from his face as he looks down on Daniel. He kneels beside him:>"Daniel? Wake up, Daniel! Wake up!" Still Daniel doesn't respond. Jack touches his shoulder.>"Can you hear me, Daniel?" Jack searches again for a pulse and it's there but merely. His worst fears have turned into a real life nightmare. Jack works

frantically to remove the rocks from the entrance. Sweat rolls down his face and his hands are a bloody pulp but he doesn't care. He only wants to get Daniel out of here and back to Earth as fast as possible. He has never known himself to be the type that panics but he figures that the occasion calls for it. At last the entrance is cleared in such a way that he can carry Daniel out of there. Darkness is settling on the land and he forces himself into a jog. He traces their steps back into the forest. They reach the Stargate and he is breathing hard but he doesn't allow himself to catch a breath.

Tenderly, he lowers Daniel to the grass and then starts to dial home on the dial home device. He is glad that the quake hasn't damaged the Stargate or the DHD. He has just punched in the fourth chevron when the ground starts to shake again. He shields Daniel with his body. Suddenly a roar followed by a crackling sound fills the air. Jack looks around to see where the sounds are coming from. He looks on helplessly as the Stargate crumples into pieces and he hears himself screaming:

>"Noooooooo!!"

Jack O'Neill awakens with a jerk. The sheets are crumpled and tossed. He wipes the sweat from his face and then reads the luminous dials on the clock radio: 4:30 a.m. He sighs and swings his feet to the ground. He mumbles to himself:

>"Haunting dreams call for drastic actions especially when they keep haunting for a couple of weeks. I think it's time for crisis management." He dials a number. A man answers after five rings.

>"Marrow here."

>"Hi doc. Can we talk?"

> (c) Clor 1999**

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file.